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THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

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continued until ordered out, and charged for
accordingly.

* Announcing candidates for State Offices,
\$10; for county offices, \$5.
All Job Work must be paid for on de-
livery.

The following exquisite lines are from the
Knickerbocker for September. They are re-
plete with the most beautiful philosophy, and
breathe the very soul of melody:

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Life that shall end
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, says, 'Welcome, friend.'

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE
PSALMIST.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—life is earnest—
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Our destin'd end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the glorious Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all around us,
Can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps, that, perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's sea, shall main,
A far and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

The mist of the morning still hung heavily
on the mountain top above the village of
Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it
were crowded with the varied population of
the surrounding country from far and near.
At Alesbury the shops were closed—the
hammer of the blacksmith laid upon its anvil
—not a wagon of any description was to be
seen in the street, and even the bar of the
tavern was locked, and the key gone with its
proprietor towards the cliff, as a token of
an important era which was without a paral-
lel in the annals of the place. And save
here and there a solitary head looking through
a broken pane, in some closed up house, with
an air of sad disappointment, or the cries of
a little nursing babe, betokening that the
in general fight, it had been left in un-
kindly hands, or maybe here and there a
solitary, ragged and ill-tutored dog, either
seemingly half appeased by the privilege of
a holiday granted on condition of staying
at home, the whole village presented a pic-
ture of desolation and silence that had been
forever unknown before.

But in proportion as you drew near the
ponderous cliffs, in which the little town of
Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in
the thick bustle and motion of the world, of
men and women, and boys, and horses and
dogs, and all living, moving and creeping
things that inhabit the wild districts of Penn-
sylvania.

The village was crowded to overflowing,
long before the sun had gained a sufficient
altitude to throw its rays upon the deep val-
ley in which it lay. There the bar of the
inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco
and whiskey, the jingling of small change,
and the perpetual clamor of the throng was
sufficient to rack a brain of common flexi-
bility. In the streets there was the greet-
ing of old and long parted acquaintances; the
bartering of horses; the shouting of old ac-
counts; the buffoonery of half intoxicated
men; the clatter of women; the crying and
howling of children and boys, and the
barking and quarrelling of stranger dogs.

To look upon the scene, to mingle with the
crowd, to listen to the conversation, or to
survey the countenances of the assembled
multitude, would lead to no satisfactory so-
lution of the cause for which this mass of
heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone jail, at
the foot of the mountain, a different scene
was that morning witnessed. There, con-
fined to a stake in the miserable dungeon,
damp, and scarcely illuminated by one
ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of
a man whose final doom seemed near at hand.
A few hours before, his wife and little daugh-

ter had travelled a hundred miles to meet
him on the threshold of the grave—they
met, and from that gloomy vault the song of
praise ascended with the ascending sun, and
the jailer as he listened to the melodious
voices of three persons whom he looked upon
as the most desolate and lost of all in the
wide world, blended sweetly together, and
chaunting the beautiful hymn:

"It is the Lord, should I distrust
Or contradict his will?"

almost doubted the evidence of his senses,
and stood fixed in astonishment at the massy
door. Could these be the voice of a murder-
er, and a murderer's wife and child?

The brief and to be final interview had
passed, however—those unfortunate ones
had loudly commended each other to the
keeping of their heavenly parent, and parted—
he, to face the assembled multitude on the
scaffold, and they, as they said, to return
by journeying to their sorrowful home; the
convict, worn out with sickness and watch-
ing, now slept.

His name was John Creel, his place of
residence is said to be in Virginia. He had
been taken up while travelling from the
northward to his home, and tried and con-
victed at the county town some miles dis-
tant, for the murder of a fellow traveller,
who had borne his company from the lakes,
who was ascertained to have a large sum of
money with him, and who was found in the
room in which he slept, at a country inn,
near Redcliff, with his throat cut. Creel
always had prided himself on his innocence,
declaring that the deed was perpetrated by
some one while he was asleep, but the cir-
cumstances were against him, and though
his money was not found on him, he was
sentenced to be hung, and was removed to
the old stone jail at Redcliff for security,
the county prison being deemed unsafe.—
This was the day the execution was to take
place; the scaffold was already erected—the
crowd pressed round the building, and fre-
quent cries of "bring out the murderer,"
were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven,
and there could be no more delay—the con-
vict's cell was entered by the officers in at-
tendance, who roused him with the informa-
tion that all was ready without; and bade
him hasten to his execution—they laid hands
upon him and pinioned him tight while he
looked up toward heaven in astonishment,
as one new born, and only said, "the dream,
the dream." "And what of the dream, Mr.
Jason?" said the sheriff. "You would do
me a great kindness if you would dream
yourself and me out of this cursed scrape."
"I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while
you read the death warrant to me on the
scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and
stood before us in a gray dress, with a white
hat and whiskers, and that a bird fluttered
over him and sung distinctly—this is Lewis,
the murderer of the traveller."

The officers and jailer had a short con-
sultation, which ended in a determination to
look sharp after the man in grey, with the
white hat—accompanied with many hints of
renunciation of the prisoner, and the possi-
bility of his innocence being asserted by a su-
pernatural agency—the prison doors were
cleared, and Creel, pale and feeble, with a
hymn book in his hand, and a mien of all
meekness and humility was seen tottering
from the prison to the scaffold. He had no
sooner ascended it than his eyes began to
wander over the vast concourse of people
around him, with a scrutiny that seemed like
faith in dreams—and while the sheriff read
the warrant, the convict's anxiety seemed to
increase—he looked and looked again, then
raised his hands and eyes a moment towards
the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejacu-
lation: when lo! as he resumed his first po-
sition, the very person he described, stood
within six feet of the ladder! The prisoner's
eye caught the sight, and flashed with
fire as he called out, "there is Lewis the
murderer of the traveller," and the jailer at
the same moment seized the stranger by the
collar. At first he attempted to escape, but
being secured, and taken before the magis-
trates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the
particulars, delivered up part of the money;
informed where another part was hidden,
and was fully committed for trial—while
Creel was turned loose, and hastened like a
man out of his senses from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed—Creel had van-
ished immediately after his liberation, when
the pretended Lewis astonished and con-
founded the magistrate by declaring Creel
to be her husband—that she had assumed
the disguise, and performed the whole part
by his direction; that he had given her the
money which he had till then successfully
concealed about his person; and that the
whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene,
was a contrivance to effect his escape, with-
out having effected, she was regardless of con-
sequences. Nothing could be done with
her; she was again set at liberty, and nei-
ther she nor the husband was heard of again.

Richmond Whig.

SERVED RIGHT.—In Zanesville, Ohio,
some months ago, a clergyman was called
upon to marry a young couple, and he re-
paired to the house. The lady was pre-
sented and all her friends, but the bridegroom
did not appear, and the lady in great grief
did not dismiss the whole party. Recently
the clergyman had a similar call, and all the
parties were present, but when he came to
the words "you take this man to be your wed-
ded husband," the lady said very emphati-
cally, "No; I never will marry him; he served
me meanly six months ago, and now I
have repaid him in his own coin." No en-
treaties could prevail upon her. It was the
same lady who had been jilted, and she re-
turned the compliment in a more decided
and mortifying manner to the tender swain.

THE BOOK-MAKING BUSINESS.

The following is an extract from a Lecture
on Printing, delivered some time since be-
fore the Portsmouth Lyceum, and afterwards
published. After speaking of the establish-
ment of the Harpers at New York, the author
says, "At Brattleboro," in our sister State
Vermont, is one which is deserving of notice.
The Printing establishment there
keeps in operation [several] Power Presses.
Connected with it is a Paper Mill at one end,
and a Book-Bindery at the other, so that
(like the chrysalis-changing of a vile cater-
pillar to a beautiful butterfly,) what enters
at one end, the last off covering of the hu-
man body, is by a regular and rapid process
brought out at the other extremity, beauti-
fully paper, finely printed and bound—a ma-
terial for a permanent dress of the immortal
mind. So rapid is the process that rags have
been received at that Mill in the morning,
manufactured into paper and printed before
night. The Comprehensive Commentary is
now printing at that establishment. When
it is completed, it will have consumed fifteen
thousand reams of paper. Think not that
the woollen or the cotton manufacturers are
the only ones [which benefit the agricultur-
alist] for this one work will use the amount
of a thousand bales of cotton in paper—and
will have required the skins of sixty thousand
sheep for its binding."

We understand that during the five years
ending with the present, there will have been
published at this establishment about 180,
000 imperial octavo volumes averaging more
than 800 pages each. These volumes con-
tain each more matter than ten of the aver-
age of those issued by the Harpers, the large
publishing house in America, making an
amount of matter issued, equal to 1,800,
000 such volumes as theirs!! The business
is now carried on by the "Brattleboro Typo-
graphical Co." incorporated in 1836, with
the privilege of holding a capital of \$200,
000.—Vt. Phenix.

The Days of Witchcraft Revived.—Our
readers will recollect the case of a mulatto
named Yates, recently shot down and killed
in Virginia by a white man named Marsh, on
the plea of the latter that the negro used
spells and charms upon him and dumb crit-
ters. In reference to this affair the Abing-
don Statesman, in the vicinity of which it
occurred, says that region is haunted with
ignorance and superstition, and then goes
on to relate the following, which would have
almost been deemed incredible in the days
of Cotton Mather:

One of the balls with which Yates was
shot, was produced in court, and bore upon
its surface certain cross marks, which, we
presume, were indispensable, in order to
make them take effect and break that power
of enchantment with which he was supposed
to be invested, and which he used without
mercy, dealing out "spells" and "charms"
not only upon human beings, but upon "dumb
critters." It was proved too, that Marsh, ac-
cording to his own story, had upon one or
more occasions, drawn the likeness of Yates
with chickens blood, and having prepared
himself with bullets, into which a small quan-
tity of silver was put, had taken it to the
woods and fired at it under the impression
that if he could strike it with a silver bullet,
he should forthwith knock all of Yates's
"conjuring" powers into atoms and relieve
himself from the charm under which he la-
bored, and which was developed in the form
of Scrofula.

Such humiliating facts do, as the editor
says: speak trumpet-tongued for the intro-
duction of common school education into that
State, whose pride on this point does not
seem to have gone hand in hand with her
liberal professions.

ABSURDITIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

To stand in water to your knees fishing for
trout, when you can buy them in a clean dry
market.

People of exquisite sensibility, who can-
not bear to see an animal put to death, show-
ing the utmost attention to the variety and
abundance of their tables.

In human life a female of the frail sister-
hood, forsaken by her seducer, and left with-
out any alternative, shall be scouted from
society, while the noble and wealthy, with-
out any apology but vicious passions, shall
be courted and received. Nay, if you wis-
per a reflection upon their virtue, you shall
be indicted for a libel; or challenged by the
father or brother, and shot through the body.

To buy a horse of a near relation, and be-
lieve every word he says in praise of the
animal be as desirous to dispose of.

You have a dozen children with different
dispositions and capacities, and you give
them all the same education.

To tell a person from whom you solicit
a loan of money that you are in want of
it.

You indulge your child in an unlimited
passion for fine clothes and good living, and
are afterwards shocked at his being a cox-
comb and a glutton.

Such a man is indebted to you a large sum
of money, and has no means in possession or
in prospect of paying you—that it may be
utterly impossible for him to earn it by his
industry, you immerse him in prison.

Two armies, who know not even the cause
of quarrel, previously indulging in the work
of slaughter, of the sound of a trumpet and
the beat of a drum, instantaneously stopping
and reciprocally performing every act of
kindness.

To buy a ticket in a lottery.

To think every one a man of spirit who
fights a duel.

To doubt what travellers report, because
it contradicts our experience, or surpasses
our own conceptions.

Not to be profoundly deferential to a quar-
relsome man.

To laugh at the appearance of manners

of foreigners, to whom we must appear equal-
ly ridiculous.

To praise a daughter just come out, in
the presence of her handsome mother of five
and thirty.

To get up on a cold winter's morning to
hunt a timid animal to death, and pronounce
ourselves rational and benevolent beings.

To allow great actors the privilege of new
modelling the language, and of pronouncing
it ridiculously.

To make a grand tour and associate only
with your countrymen.

To subscribe to any indefatigable collec-
tor for public charities, who has no visible
means of subsistence.

To give any wise man in his own coin-
ceit, or superior in life, a candid opinion when
he asks your advice.

To indulge in all manner of excess and
vice, and imagine yourself cunning enough to
conceal it from the world.

To fancy yourself a poet because you can
write verses.

To live fifty years and be surprised at any
thing.

GEORGIA DANCING.—A writer in the
Southern (Ga.) Recorder, thus humorously
touches off the dancing figures of some of
the up-country gentry, in that state:

"I found not the least difficulty in resolv-
ing it into motions of turkey-cock strutting,
sparrow-hawk lighting, and a duck walk-
ing. Let the reader suppose a lady begin-
ning a strut at her own place, and ending it
(precisely as does the turkeycock), three
feet nearer the gentlemen opposite her,
giving three sparrow-hawk bows, then wad-
dling back to her place like a duck; and he
will have a pretty correct idea of their danc-
ing. Not that the three movements were
blended at every turn of the dance; but that
one or more of the three answered to every
turn. The strut prevailed most in balance-
ing the bows, when ballanced to; and the
waddle, when going round. To all this,
Mrs. Mushy was an exception. When she
danced, every particle of her danced in spite
of herself.

There was as little variety in the gentle-
man's dancing as there was in the ladies'.
Any one who has seen a gentleman clean
nude off his shoes on a floor mat, has seen
nearly all of it; the principal difference be-
ing, that some scraped with a pull of the
foot, some with a push, and some with both."

The Polar Star, published in Trenton
Gibson county, Tenn. relates a story of an
old turkey cock, the property of Major Well-
born of that county, having robbed a brood-
ing hen of her nest, took her eggs, performed
her duties until they were hatched, and
may now be seen strutting with all the promp-
titude of his nature, and yet possessing all
the care and tenderness of a mother in
watching over and providing for his "little
responsibilities."

LIFE OF A GENTLEMAN.—He gets up
leisurely, breakfasts comfortably, reads the
paper regularly, dresses fashionably, eats a
tart gravely, talks insipidly, dines consider-
ably, drinks superfluously, kills time indif-
ferently, sups elegantly, goes to bed stupidly,
and dies uselessly.

"We wish we could reciprocate that sen-
timent," as the oyster observed to a gentle-
man as you about to swallow him.

Saturday Courier.

THANKSGIVING.—Seasonable and Appro-
priate.—Gov. Marcy has appointed the 29th
inst. as a day of general thanksgiving in
New York. If ever a people had reason for
thankfulness, the citizens of New York have,
and on that day, they will not forget their
glorious deliverance from the combined forces
of Loco-Focoism and Infidelity.

Natches Courier.

MRS. HEMAN'S PRAISE OF MUSIC.—"Mrs.
Hemans spoke with enthusiasm of the many
admirable descriptions of its effect to be
found in the works of our great writers them-
selves not very remarkable for any extraor-
dinary attachment to the art; particularly of
one party passage in Naterius, which I had
long treasured; that which describes the
Roman soldiers, at the door of the prison
where the christian captives are confined,
listening to their evening hymn, and speak-
ing of their music; which they had heard play-
ed many a night, with haughty and elation,
and dalcimer, upon the high walls of Jeru-
salem, while the city was beleaguered." She
repeated the rest of the fine passage: "I
never heard any music like the music of the
Jews. Why, when they came down to join
the battle, their trumpets sounded most glori-
ously, that we wondered how it was possi-
ble for them ever to be driven back. And
then, when their gates were closed, and they
went out to beg their dead, they would
play such solemn, awful notes of lamenta-
tion, that the plunderers stood still to listen,
and their warriors were delivered to them
with their mail as when they had fallen.
There is no freemasonry so intimate and
immediate, I believe, as that which exists
among the lovers of music; and though when
we parted I could not tell the color of her
eyes and hair, I felt that confidence and a
good understanding had arisen between us
which the discussion of no subject less fas-
tinating could have excited.

Something Novel.—A man in England
has succeeded in annealing glass, so as to
admit of its being wore like cloth. A web
wove by him has been deposited in the
North of England Society of Arts, together
with a slipper of the same material. This
curious fabric—glass cloth, if we may so
term it—is said to have a very splendid ap-
pearance. How this brittle substance could
be so manufactured seems a matter of as-
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Friendly Kissing in Paris.—Ladies kiss
and don't shake hands in Paris. Gentlemen
kiss, too, but only on great occasions. I
was kissed the other day by a man, for the
first time. It was one of the most trying
situations of my life; and I felt like that per-
sonage who was strangled by Hercules.
See the picture in the Mythology.

American in Paris.

Lynching—Extraordinary.—A barrel of
whiskey was recently tarred and feathered,
and then consumed by fire, at Valley Forge,
Pa., after a temperance address by the Rev.
Mr. Hunt. The leader of the work of de-
struction was a dealer in ardent spirits.

Singular Fact.—A paper published in
one of the Eastern States relates a fact,
which, if true, may be considered as unpre-
cedented in the annals of education in this
or any other country. At one of the com-
mon schools of New England, a lady and
her child are among the pupils, the mamma
not having completed her sixteenth year,
and her fair daughter having just entered on
her fifth.—N. Y. Herald.

The Human Heart.—It appears from the
researches of an English physician of emi-
nence, Dr. Glendower, published in the
Medical Gazette, the medium weight of the
heart is nine ounces in man and eight ounces
in woman. A remarkable fact and one hith-
erto unknown is that the heart of man be-
comes heavier as old age approaches, while
that of woman diminishes in weight, after
the thirtieth year.

Secrets.—A secret is like silence; you
cannot talk about it and keep it. It is like
money; when once you know there is any
concealed, it is half discovered. "My dear
Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend,
"Why did you betray the secret I told you?"
"Is it betraying it, you call it? Sure, when
I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't
I do well to tell it to somebody that could?"

Weight of the Human Body.—M. Chaus-
sic, dried a human body in an oven, the
original weight of which was 120 lbs.—when
dry it was reduced to 12 lbs. Hence the
solid matter of the body was water as one to
nine or one tenth. From this it will be seen
how great a proportion the fluids of the body
bear to the solids.

A Loophole in a Nose.—A man named
Davison, at Russellville, Ky. discharged a
pistol, a few weeks since, at the head of his
neighbor, David Jenks, a man who was
blessed with an uncommonly large proboscis.
The pistol ball struck his nose on the side,
and passed through it, leaving a clean round
hole large enough to receive a bed-cord, if
he should wish to hang himself up in a
crowded tavern. This version of the story
we find in the Boston Times.

THE PRESENT STATE OF PARTIES.

We have on several occasions, of late,
endeavored to inculcate on the Whigs, the ab-
solute necessity of a complete and thorough
organization upon such general principles,
as will command the support of all who are
opposed to the present system of adminis-
tration. To insure harmonious and organ-
ized union among the opposition, "there must
be something positive as well as something
negative to hold to; something, in short,
which we are to aim at as well as fly from."
It is the want of a common aim that consti-
tutes the weakness of the Whigs. The great
object with a portion of them would seem to
be the establishment of a National Bank;
with others the defeat of the Sub-Treasury
and the restoration of the State Bank De-
posit system. Some have for their chief
aim the election of Mr. Clay—others the
election of Mr. Webster—a third party the
elevation of Genl. Harrison, while a few de-
clare they can support neither of these gen-
tlemen. With due deference, we must be
allowed to express the opinion that so long
as such a state of things endures, it were
idle to hope for success.

The dominant party constitute a unit. Mr.
Van Buren is the true representative of the
principle which binds them together—the
"spoils principle." All are directly and
deeply interested in maintaining his system
of administration. Around him, all rally to
a man. They act with perfect concert.
Hence it is evident that nothing can stay
their march, but a phalanx equally power-
ful and compact.

The opposition have the numbers not only
for successful resistance, but for positive
victory. But if, having the numbers, they
can find no adequate motives for harmonious
and organized union in the conduct of the
administration and the condition of affairs,
they neither can nor ought to succeed.

The danger impending over the country
is actual and visible. The exorbitant power
and patronage of the Executive Department
of the Government is openly used for in-
creasing and perpetuating that power. To
curtail it and raise up efficient barriers
against such abuses—to rescue the co-ordi-
nate departments from the dependence into
which they have fallen upon the Executive;
in short, to restore the administration of the
Government to its appropriate and healthy
action and the Constitution to its original
principles, would seem to furnish the strong-
est possible incentives for vigorous, united
and continued action among all deserving
the name of Whigs, in whatever quarter of
the Union, they may be found, or whom-
ever they might prefer as a candidate for the
Presidency.

It is needless to disguise the fact, that this
choice of a candidate is a stumbling block
to the opposition. It is made so, however,
by themselves. The difficulty is of their
own creating. In the selection of a candi-
date, they have no need of looking any fur-

ther or requiring any thing more than an in-
dividual of good character and respectable
qualifications, who shall be the representa-
tive of the great principles of their associa-
tion. The moment they go beyond this, and
require him to represent their various and
conflicting notions about particular meas-
ures of inferior magnitude—measures con-
cerning which they differ among themselves,
all is confusion.

It is not thus that the dominant party act.
They lose sight of all subordinate questions,
and Tariff and Anti-Tariff—Abolition and
Anti-Abolition—Nullifiers and Federalists—
Northern and Southern—all rally round
Mr. Van Buren as the representative of the
principle which constitutes the bond of cohe-
sion among them. "It is lawful to be taught
by an enemy." The Whigs must follow this
example of their opponents. They have the
numbers. They have the principles. Prin-
ciples which must prevail sooner or later.
They will prevail, whenever the opposi-
tion cease to fall out with one another by
the way, about things of secondary impor-
tance, in which they can never all agree,
and forming themselves in one solid phalanx,
march forward to the rescue of the Con-
stitution.—Nash Banner.

CRIMINAL COURT.

This court was an experiment. Its or-
ganization was intended to stay the com-
mission of crime in the "River counties," and
the legislature in establishing this tribunal
acted with good intentions. They thought
that high crimes had become too common—
that offenders too easily escaped the pen-
alties due their offences—that our Circuit
Courts were too heavily burdened with civil
business, to allow a sufficient investigation
of cases where the state appeared as party
plaintiff. To obviate these inconveniences
this court was erected. The question with
us now is: has the court answered the ends
of its creation? Has it relieved the circuit
courts of any burden or of any material la-
bor? In answer to the first question we be-
lieve the whole body of our citizens would rise
up and with a voice as of one man respond
in the negative. Witnesses, jurors, plain-
tiffs and defendants, counsel and officers of
court have been doubly harassed. We say
doubly harassed because the criminal court
in failing to adjudicate upon crime, has
thrown that labor upon our circuit courts.
The court under consideration has often
failed to sit and of this the records of our
circuit courts afford convincing testimony.
Cases, which should have been heard and
determined by the criminal court, have been
thrown upon the circuit judges, thus defeat-
ing one principal aim of the legislature in
the creation of this court, to wit: the sav-
ing time to our circuit judges to dispose
finally at each term of all the litigation be-
fore them.

When any tribunal has failed to reach
the purposes of its existence, good sense and
common convenience require that it should
no longer stand as a security among the
people.

We understand that an effort will be made
at the approaching session of the legislature
to abolish this court and to make such alter-
ations in the times of holding our circuit
courts as will secure to the public all the
advantages that the court under view were
ever calculated to attain.

do not intend to cast censure upon
any who have been chosen to preside in
our criminal Judges. So far otherwise we
accord to them all merit and are desirous
that the present incumbent was the choice
of the district. They have no doubt seen
and felt the difficulties attendant upon a
successful organization of the court—and
have no doubt also observed the propriety
which our legislature might enact its aboli-
tion.—Grand Gulf Whig.

MONTEVIDEO.—The latest information
from the River Plate, is contained in a
letter, dated 19th Sept., from Montevideo, and
published in the New York Courier and
Enquirer. The blockade of Buenos Ayres,
was more strictly enforced than formerly.
The French having recently captured and
made prizes of vessels caught endeavoring
to break the blockade. The province of
Buenos Ayres, remained unsettled, and the
aspect of political affairs was even worse
than previous advices. The letter states,
that at a meeting of the Asamblea General,
held the 17th inst., the members placed the
management entirely in the hands of the
President and Ministry, recommending the
continuance of war, at the same time that
no opportunity of making peace should be
lost, if it could be done without compromis-
ing the National honor.

Some government decrees regarding the
examination of the Estancia marks on hides
brought into market, presses heavily on the
importer of hides from the country, it being
difficult to present the proper documents for
such, owing to the disturbed state of Campa-
na for the last two years. A severe pen-
alty is exacted for the omission of presenting
these documents, and no doubt will have
effect of preventing hides from coming for-
ward. Money is becoming scarce, and a
rise in Exchange expected.

A married couple in Quebec have been